

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Louise:

Am writing on the table while Helen and Edith are eating pancakes and applesauce. Helen as usual took a few more wrinkles before climbing out of bed and is in a hurry.

The men finished with the corn last night and would of had the silo full only for what John took up stairs in his clothes and dumped on the floor from his shoes.

We got all the plants potted last night and in